
A
Sentimental Journey
THROUGH
S P A I N.

[Entered at Stationers Hall.]

Fleming (S. L.)

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A

Journal of the

NOTES

VI

1871

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A
Sentimental Journey

THROUGH

S P A I N;

WRITTEN IN FRENCH,

By the MARQUIS de LANGLE,

And translated from the *PARIS* Edition,

That was burnt by the common Hangman.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

V O L. I.

L O N D O N:

Printed for S. HOOPER, No. 212, High-Holborn.

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32

A

Journal of the

TRAVEL



IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME I

LONDON

Printed and Sold by J. DODD, at the Theatre Royal, Pall Mall.

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THE
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TO THE
R E A D E R..

IF you want very accurate, learned, philosophical, and political Travels; if you look for exact dimensions of the front of the *Escorial*, or a particular list of the pictures that palace contains, throw this Journey aside. You will find no information from our Traveller on those matters. This is not merely a Journey through *Spain*, that is offered to your perusal: it is, as the title-page declares, the Marquis's Journey, entirely his own journey, and a journey peculiar to himself.—But, if you have found pleasure in the *Sentimental Journey* of STERNE, read this Traveller.—You will be highly entertained;—you will find mirth, vivacity, and sentiment. The Author has given a portrait of himself: the likeness is just:

the physiognomy and features are peculiarly his own ; and surely it is an uncommon degree of merit, in our days, to be no parrot, either in morality or sentiment.

The multiplicity of errors that appeared in the First Edition of this entertaining work, induced the Editor to think, that another impression, more correct, would prove an acceptable offering to the Public.

This Edition, the only one acknowledged and approved by the Marquis of *Langle*, is enriched with a Second Volume of original matter ; and the several articles of the first entirely new-dressed.

The Author may, perhaps, be censured for many inaccuracies : but what is not excusable in a young man, and especially in one of high rank and fashion, who seems to converse with his friends, and to write only for them ?

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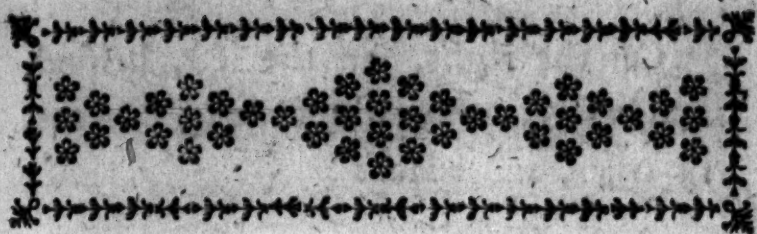
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THE



THE
MARQUIS'S JOURNEY
THROUGH
S P A I N.

He enters Spain through Salientes.

A HEAP of stones is all the boundaries.

I had scarcely lost sight of *France*,
when I got into the midst of the *Pyrenees*.

Vol. I.

B

On

On the right, on the left, behind, and before, nothing but rocks, caverns, fir-trees, and echoes !

For fifteen tedious leagues, not a creature to be seen. How still ! how solitary ! It is enough to make a traveller fancy himself the only being in the world.

We got to *Salientes*. The place is not worth notice.—The next day we crossed the plains of *Biescas* ; met with a sorry lodging at *Loupouiou* ; snatched a dinner at *Curabos* ; crossed the bridge of *Fanlo*, constructed by the Devil himself : and at length, on the third day, with good eyes, one may discern the spires of *Saragossa*, at a great distance.

SARA-

SARAGOSSA.

WHAT a number of carriages ! what crowds of domestics ! what swarms of beggars are here ! Surely one half of this city has every thing, and the other half nothing !

Some people will have it, that *Saragossa* is a trading city.—I saw no appearance of any such thing. The people were all lounging about, with their arms across ; the warehouses empty ; and not a single skiff to be seen on the *Ebro*.

The Dutch, in vain, offered to make the *Ebro* navigable at their own expence. In vain the Spaniards might see and hear the labourers, even at their doors, levelling hills, rending rocks, and cutting through mountains ; they

B 2

were

were insensible to all this; they had neither eyes to see, nor ears to hear.

There are some good houses in the place; but they are in general so small, and so ill-constructed, that they look more like receptacles designed to confine beasts, than the habitations of the human species.

Ever since the Play-house has been destroyed by lightening, no plays have been acted here. Several attempts indeed were made to build a new Theatre; but, on every occasion of the kind, the angry heavens immediately lowered; the Virgin Mary of *Pilar* cried out against the impious undertaking; the bodies of the Saints issued from their sepulchres; the people were struck with consternation; the Priests, Monks, and pious Christians, full of
rage

rage and indignation, drove the masons from their work with volleys of stones.

The Cathedral is a very extensive, a very magnificent, and a very odd sort of building.

The Palace of the Inquisition is in the centre of the city. The walls, which are of a deep yellow, thick, and flanked with towers, appear to be an hundred feet high. Here fortune-tellers, conjurers, and forcerers, are imprisoned.

The Archbishop of *Saragossa* is the Supreme Chief of this dungeon: forty or fifty *Jacobins* are the Jailors: draw-bridges, lay-brothers, and large maffiffs guard the entrance.

The city-gates are shut as soon as it is dark; but, for the value of six-pence, they fly open at any hour.

To judge of the Gentlemen of the province of *Arragon* by the first interview, they appear humble; are obsequious, inquisitive, fond of garlick and pimentum, conversant with heraldry, vain of their family-arms, and very eager to show them.

The pimentum is a fruit about the length of your finger, and tastes like pepper: after eating a small quantity of it, your throat and mouth are on fire the whole day.

Except the street *Coffo*, all the rest are so dark, so narrow, and so dirty, that you must grope your way through them at noon-day, without knowing where to set your foot.

There are two manufactories here, one of brandy, another of hats. The hats are excellent. I bought one six months

months ago: I have worn it almost constantly, scarce ever brushed it, yet it still looks new.

The number of books permitted here is very small: the penalties are so heavy on those who transgress, and the gentry of the Inquisition are so alert in their duty, that you find nothing in the Booksellers shops, but Almanacks, Breviaries, the *History of Cardinal Albornos*, and the original lives of some of the Saints in the neighbourhood.

Cures and miracles without number are wrought by the Virgin Mary of *Pilar*, with all the ease in the world. Her Chapel is entirely hung with legs, arms, crutches, and wax tapers; is continually crowded with the blind, the dumb, the deaf, the lame,

lame, and impotent, kissing the ground, crossing themselves, praying and weeping, full of hopes and expectations.

Annually, in the month of October, the Spaniards come in crowds to pay their respects to this Madona. There is no end of masses, benedictions, and processions, on this occasion. The processions are very singular; the women appear in masquerade-dresses, the men on horseback, the children naked; and the Host, or their *Bon Dieu*, brings up the rear. The furniture of this Virgin is immensely rich: her clothes, jewels, and other ornaments are valued at several hundred thousand pounds.

It would be as well perhaps to lay out a part of these riches in repairing the neighbouring bridges: they are almost in ruins; the spikes are dropping out,

out, the timbers giving way. The Passenger crosses over with fear and trembling; every step he takes, he is afraid will be his last. But, it may be, they are upheld in this ruinous state by the miraculous protection of the Virgin: if that be the case, there is no manner of danger; the passenger is safe; all his fears are groundless.

Quite close to the city, the Monks of *St. Bernard* are retailers of Muscadel wine.

Their gardens, cells, and whole Convent are well furnished with tables surrounded by topers, whose clamour, bacchanalian songs and roaring make a perfect bear-garden of this holy place.

People sometimes die of love at *Saragossa*.

ragossa. On Sunday last, a Counsellor asked a young Lady in marriage: he was refused by the parents; and took it so much to heart, that he went home, fell sick, and gave up the ghost the same evening.

The ladies are said to be fond of gallantry: whether they are really so I do not know; but the method of pleasing them, and gaining their affections, is the same here, I fancy, as every where else, a certain art like riding or playing the flute.

The ROAD from Saragossa to Madrid.

IT is sixty leagues from *Saragossa* to *Madrid*. I travelled in a chaise. These vehicles are hung so easy, that when I
put

put up at night, I felt no more fatigued than if I had been sitting all day in a chair.

We passed through *Daraca*, *Læches*, *Fraga*, *Mejorada*, *Calatayud*, *Albarazin*, and *Guadalaxara*. Birds of every kind kept us company all the way.

For two days we saw neither trees, vines, nor corn ; but, to atone for this, we had continually under our feet thyme, sweet-marjoram, melilot, wild betony, and other odoriferous herbs, which seemed to regret spending their perfumes in those deserts.

Very few towns or villages, but every where hands unemployed ; meagre faces, pale or yellow ; and miserable cottages, in which men, women, and children, horses, sheep, and mules, lay together higgledy-piggledy.

Every yard you go, a swarm of beggars run before or after your carriage, vociferously craving charity. We narrowly escaped running over a child yesterday. These poor wretches have a most horrid aspect, and so little of the human figure, that, if they did not speak or beg, one would be apt to take them for animals of the brute creation.

Publius Cornelius, and *Scipio*, so celebrated for his continence, passed through *Calatayud*, after butchering the brave inhabitants of *Numantia*.

This City is very ancient, thinly inhabited, and surrounded with thick black walls; but it carries on a great trade in wool. Over the gate, as you enter, is a head of *Scipio*, tolerably well preserved, only it wants the nose.

Fraga is of no consequence. Six
hundred

THROUGH SPAIN.

hundred years ago, and in the month of May, the Spaniards were defeated here by the Moors. A woman—her name I do not now recollect—was the cause of the victory.

Ear-rings of an enormous size stretch and lacerate the ears of the ladies of *Albarazin*.

Thanks to their manufacture of cloth, the people of *Guadalaxara* have good clothes, plump cheeks, and contented looks.

It was the Duke of *Riperda* who established this manufacture. The cloths have less substance than those of *Holland*; but the colour is good.

They are not early risers at *Laches*. The clock was striking eight when I left it: not a shop was open; no noise proclaimed the approach of industry and labour.

Laches

Læches was formerly a considerable place: it was a Roman colony at the time that *Hamilcar* was marching to the assistance of his brother, when he took, plundered, and burnt it.

What prodigious legs the landlady of this inn has! I would lay any wager that her stockings are wide enough to be drawn over my boots.

The lands about *Læches* are delightful. The verdure of the trees and plains is more pleasing, and richer, than in other parts. The grass is, unfortunately, very short, and the cattle must fare but poorly.

On the right hand, as you enter the convent of the Cordeliers, there is a picture of Saint *Theresa* fainting in ecstatic raptures of heavenly bliss.

The girdle, veil, and hair, of the
beauteous

beauteous Saint are flowing in disorder; and her eyes, finely set, sparkling with fire, melting with passionate tenderness, and flaming with love, seem as if they were looking about in heaven for her God, her Spouse, and her Lover.

Lewis la Cerda was born at *Læches*: he was a Poet and a Jesuit: his verses are below mediocrity; but there are some excellent remarks in his *Reflexions upon Poetry*. The rule he gives for distinguishing poetry from prose, is ingenious, but wrong. *Lewis la Cerda* was likewise the author of *The Origin of the World*. The work abounds with odd, but sublime notions.

Cæsar was encamped on the spot facing my windows.

Saffron is not well cleaned at *Mejorada*.

Ye

Ye fair Pickers of the Saffron of *Mejorada*, be not offended at what I am going to say: it is for your benefit that I speak. Separate the leaves better from the stalks; don't mix the pistillum with the flower: it will require a little more trouble, but your saffron will be the better; you will have more, and obtain a higher price.*

The Romans, Goths, and Moors, amused themselves in turn in taking and burning *Daroca*. In the ruins of the place now remaining, there is not a drop of water to be found.

The Bishop of *Siguenza* has near nine thousand a year. A regiment of dragoons

* The saffron of *Guatinois* and *England* is esteemed the best in the world; but I should prefer that of *Mejorada*, if it were picked cleaner.

dragoons might be quartered in his palace.

The fairest of womankind, the beautiful *Leonora Guzman*, whom *Alphonfus* surnamed the Avenger, loved to idolatry, is buried in the cathedral of *Sigüenza*. She is represented kneeling on her tomb. The eye cannot help dwelling on the figure. She died in childbirth. She has her boy in her arms.

Yesterday, at four o'clock in the afternoon, the students of *Alcala* had a balloon launched. Don *Barnard* ascended in the car; and, if any one ever succeeds in an aerial flight, to discover the formation of hail, winds, lightning, thunder, hurricanes, and tempests, he will be the first to return from those regions with the discovery, and bring from thence samples of lightening and thunder.

The

The city of *Alcala* is exempt from taxes, and very populous. A small room lets for six piastras a month. A piastra is equal to four shillings and four-pence half-penny, English money.

Alvarez de Gomez, so well known for his ludicrous poem on salt, was a native of *Alcala*. On the left of the great Square, and close to the Fountain, stands the house where he was born, which his grandson now occupies as a cheesemonger.

The Neighbourhood and Entrance of
M A D R I D.

MADRID is built upon a sandy soil. The dust flies in such clouds, that, unless some friendly showers fall, the travellers, on their arrival, are almost smothered with dust, and can hardly see to distinguish their horses.

Through

Through a long and spacious street, you see parrots and monkeys at almost every window. The ringing of bells, the immense variety of steeples and spires, houses seven or eight stories high, the beautiful gate called *Alcala*, with elegant balconies, give really an air of dignity and consequence to the entrance into *Madrid*.

The BUEN - RETIRO.

EVER since the Kings of *Spain* have deserted *Buen - Retiro*, the houses are falling to decay, the springs are dried up, the fountains choaked with rubbish, and there is nothing grows in the gardens. The grottos, clumps, and arbours, are all destroyed. One statue is remaining entire; 'tis that of *Philip II*. It is admirably well executed: it strikes

strikes with terror. The countenance, the brows, eyes, and whole aspect, speak the tyrant: 'tis the man himself. You fancy you see him concerting some crime; concealing some vindictive design, or hatching some plot. See! he is opening his lips to give orders for a murder, or to dictate a sentence of death to the Duke of *Alva*.*

Instead

* The Duke of *Alva* was the bosom-friend, the confidential Minister, the perpetrator of the murders, and often the adviser of the crimes of *Philip II*.

'Tis this Duke of *Alva*, who, in a Letter to the King of *Portugal*, has so well drawn his own barbarous character. "I have always," said he, "begged of God to give me grace to destroy the Saracens. I long to wade through rivers of their blood, and shall be happy to accompany you to *Africa*."

Instead of the lies engraved on the pedestal of this statue, why has it not been inscribed, why is it not now inscribed—it is not yet too late—with these words? “*Philip the Second lived by blood. The vile wretch filled Calabria, Piedmont, the Netherlands, Holland, France, and Spain, with misery, horrors, gibbets, and spies. He put his own consort and son, with Escovedo, Perés, Horn, and Egmont, to death. He reigned the scourge and curse of mankind forty-four years, and died in 1598.*”

There is a Virgin Mary in the Chapel so very handsome, that she looks like the daughter of her son.

The keeper has a boy of most extraordinary figure and appearance; he is lustier than I am, looks older, and yet is no more than eight years old.

LA GRANGE.

SO much the better if *La Grange*, otherwise called *St. Idelphonsus*, still belonged to Shepherds. *Philip* the Fourth, surnamed the Devout,* had not left behind him a debt of two millions and a half sterling, the greater part of which was laid out in building *La Grange*, in beautifying it with bowers, walks, arbours, nymphs, and other ornaments, in which that vain, unjust, and wrong-headed Prince, lavished the money

* *Philip* the Fourth, at his death, left orders that 100,000 masses should be said for the repose of his soul; desiring, that, in case he should not want the whole number to remove him from Purgatory to Heaven, the remainder should be applied for the souls of his Father and Mother; and, if those should have reached Heaven likewise, the rest of the masses then to be transferred for the benefit of those who were not in the heavenly kingdom.

money which he borrowed from clerks and servants.

The Park alone of *La Grange* cost upwards of 450,000l. sterling: it consists of two hundred acres: the grounds round it lie waste and uncultivated; the little corn that is sown is devoured by the deer.

You may buy excellent knives and razors at *St. Idelphonsus*: fine looking-glasses are likewise made there.

This manufacture was established by an Irishman, who invented a machine to polish forty-eight plates together. This Irishman was imprisoned two years. Such treatment is not to be wondered at, in a country where the people believe in the existence of Sorcerers; where *Comus* would have been burned, and *Jonas* have rotted in a dungeon.

ARAN.

A R A N J U E Z.

THE beauties of prospect and situation, and delicious apricots, constitute the whole merit of *Aranjuez*. There is a fine statue of *Venus*. The attitude, animated looks, and beautiful form, bear the strongest resemblance to life. You are apt to fancy the marble breathes, that it palpitates, sees, and wants only the inclination to speak.

The *Tagus* and *Xarama* wash the walls of *Aranjuez*. In hot weather, when the King is elsewhere, the young girls in the neighbourhood bathe in the *Tagus*. You may see them, converse with them, shake hands with them, and embrace them from the windows: their stays, handkerchiefs, petticoats, &c. are all stripped off, and left on the banks of the river.

The

SAR SUELA.

A most enchanting Palace might be made of *Sarsuela*; but the park, gardens, and buildings, are suffered to run to decay. Nobody will venture to lodge at *Sarsuela*; and good reason why, the place is haunted every night: as soon as the clock strikes twelve, a large company of ghosts assemble there to chat, eat, drink, laugh, and dance.

The Spaniards are much afraid of ghosts: they are well acquainted with these airy beings: there is not an inhabitant of *Madrid* that has not seen four or five of them in the course of his life, and who does not therefore take the precaution, every night, to drive them out of the house, with repeated signs of the cross.

*The NEW PALACE, FLORIDA
and GUADARAMA.*

THE New Palace is finished. This building, being placed on the summit of a mountain, has more the appearance of a convent of Monks, than of a royal residence. The voluptuous paintings of *Correggio*, *Albano*, and *Boucher*, contribute somewhat to enliven the interior of this palace: it is nevertheless dull, because the edifice is heavy and confined. The gardens are laid out in the form of an amphitheatre; they are encircled by *Manzaranes*, and the hills that rise in clusters over the white and stoney grounds round *Madrid*.

Florida is remarkable for its cascades; which, formed by the springs and melted snows that flow from the mountains, are higher and finer than those that are so much admired in *France*.

The

The air of *Florida* is cold and piercing. Fruits do not ripen : roses are without odour : the trees are stunted : pinks and carnations scarcely blow, or come to any colour, at the close of August.

Crows, owls, swallows, and a *keeper*, are the inhabitants of *Guadarama*.

The lands round this palace are uncultivated ; yet they are excellent, and in full heart ; and, to become fertile, want only the ploughshare, guided by the hand of industry.

P A R D O.

THE King is fond of hunting, but seldom lies at *Pardo*. They have converted into a chapel the apartment where *Ferdinand*, *Philip*, and *Charles*, in the arms of their Mistresses, forgot that *Turenne* was victorious at *Dunes*,

Melleraye taking *Arras*, the Dutch seizing the *Brasils*, the House of *Braganza* ascending the throne; that *Macao*, *Goa*, *Mosambic*, and the *Azores*, were driving out their governors and assemblies; that the *Catalonians*, after ravaging *Castille*, were advancing to the gates of *Madrid*; and that, in fine, the Ladies of all ranks, young and old, the Nuns and all the Beauties of *Saragossa*, *Pampeluna*, and places adjacent, were on the point of being surpris'd in their beds by the French.

It was in the bowers of *Prado*, that *Philip* the Fourth discovered the Duchess of *Albuquerque*, his Mistress, in the arms of the Duke *Medina de la Torres*. The arbour is still shown, where, but for the vigilance of a page, he would have stabbed them both.

The

The ESCURIAL.

TO avoid the expence of carrying stones, *Philip* the Second built the Escorial in the midst of four mountains. These hide the palace; envelope and cover it with continual clouds, fogs, and snow, which the sun has not power to disperse and dissolve.

This celebrated, gloomy, dismal place, cost upwards of two millions and a half sterling.

The park and gardens are of immense extent.

The Pantheon is a subterraneous chapel, where the Kings, Queens, and Royal Offspring of *Spain* are interred. I went down into it. By the light of a lamp that burns continually, and blackens every thing, I saw the tombs and basso-relievos; I read the inscriptions and epitaphs. Let but the names, surnames;

furnames, titles, and dates be effaced; and may my right hand be withered, and my fingers for ever stiff, if a single word of truth will then remain!

No person of ordinary rank is allowed to moulder in this vault: it is the sepulture of royalty alone. *Pizarro* and *Cortez* are both buried in a hole; and *Vendome* himself, who reinstated *Philip* the Fifth on the throne, who gained the battle of *Villaviciosa*—*Vendome*, the restorer of the Spanish monarchy, and the great avenger of its sovereigns, was not thought worthy to rot beside them.

The Village whence the *Escorial* has taken its name, is called *Escorial*, a word derived from *Escoria*, which signifies “Dross of Metal;” because, formerly, iron mines were wrought at this place.

The

The convent is inhabited by two hundred monks of *St. Jerom.** They enjoy unbounded privileges in *Spain*, They follow the rule of the Carthusians: the habit of both orders is the same; like them they pray often, eat but little, and seldom speak.

The church dedicated to *St. Lawrence* is beautiful and large. There are several admirable paintings in it by *Juan Hernandez Ximenes Navarette*, surnamed *El Mudo*, or "the Dumb."

The cieling of the choir, which represents the inside of heaven, is painted in fresco by *Luke Cambiasi*. The painter has seated himself on the right hand of the Almighty.

C 4

Philip

* This order, which is not known in *France*, was expelled *Italy*, for having attempted the life of Cardinal *Boromæus*.

Philip the Second died before the great altar: you are shown the spot where he expired: it is railed in, to prevent any body approaching too near. The monks and common people are persuaded that the ghost of that wicked man is walking, groaning and howling, every night, through the cloisters of the monastery.

Under the place which the King occupies in the choir, is a picture of *St. Jerom*, with his eyes fixed on a clock. It is an original of *Titian*, and finely executed; but the clock is absurd. *St. Jerom* had neither clock nor watch. In his days, night and day, appetite and sleep, water and sand, were the only rules for measuring time.

In the Refectory of the Brothers I was struck with a picture of *Christ*
C 3 bleeding

bleeding on the cross. *Mary* is weeping at his feet: and why weep, when she knows her Son died only for form sake, and can revive again when he likes?

The water of the Escorial is esteemed excellent: it has neither taste nor smell; is soft and limpid, quickly hot and cold again. The meat and vegetables boiled in this water are sooner softened, and the linen washed in it acquires a better colour. Cresses, becca-bunga, and water-lilies, abound where it flows.

CASA DE CAMPO.

THE Equestrian statue of *Philip* the Fourth is admired. The horse in particular has so strong a resemblance of nature, that one might be tempted to

C 5

say,

say, if it could hear, *Go on, for thou art alive.* Charles Morates said nearly the same thing, upon seeing the statue of *Marcus Aurelius*, at Rome.

A most glorious tree is preserved at *Casa de Campo* : I never saw one so beautiful, or that formed so rich and extensive a shade. You ascend by a staircase. There are benches and seats in the body of the tree, where the youth of both sexes in the neighbourhood, come every Sunday to sit, chat, make love, promise, and swear eternal constancy. Cupid laughs at these vows, and gives them to the winds.

How scarce fine trees are become ! They outlive us ; and therefore we are jealous, cut them down, and rob posterity.

The

The Climate of MADRID.

ALTHOUGH *Madrid*, compared with the kingdoms of *Valencia* and *Grenada*, be, in some sort, on the frontiers of *Spain*, yet the climate is one of the finest in the world. In every month of the year you may eat strawberries, sit under verdant shades, and gather roses.

Sometimes, however, there are sharp north winds, that chill the air, strip the trees of their foliage, break the branches, scatter the flowers, and blow down the fruits; but, in return, these winds break and disperse the clouds, clear up the horizon, brighten the day, and double and treble the splendor of the sun.

Nothing surpasses the beauty of the night at *Madrid*! You are regaled with the odours of bergamot, pinks or carnations, and orange-flowers; the whole atmosphere is perfumed. In all the squares, under every balcony, are singing and playing on the guittar or flute. No, no; in the month of May or August, in the vernal or autumnal season, whether the sun is rising or setting, neither the banks of the *Seine*, *Waldeck* woods, nor the lake of *Bienna*, will ever bring to your recollection so many images, such pleasing ideas and enjoyments, as are collected together, in a second, in one night at *Madrid*. But you must be only twenty: at thirty you are too warm, too cold, or too sleepy; at thirty the fibres are already grown stiff, and their delicacy blunted. The spirits and flame of life begin

begin to die away and evaporate. You no longer feel that flaming, that universal sensibility; you no longer possess—I shall no longer possess—I shall have lost that fine powder, that essence which kindles, inflames, and fires my blood. At thirty the fire, the splendor, the reflexion of the moon and stars have already lost their former charms; the world is discoloured and changed. Ye bright days, and glorious nights, adieu! The winter of life has begun; we must retire to bed.

Bull-fights:

THOUGH I were to live a thousand years, and devote every moment to reflexion upon the matter, I should never be able to conceive how people can find any charms or magnificence in those

those horrid combats. Every thing appears shocking to me. The bull-fighters raise horror, and the bulls excite pity. A man must be as unfeeling as a stone, not to be softened into tears at the sight of twelve or fifteen barbarous fellows, killing, without any emotion or concern, a poor animal gagged and muffled in such a manner as to deprive him of the means of defending himself, or even seeing his murderers.

The atrocity of this unequal contest is farther aggravated by the transports and acclamations of an immense body of people, by the clapping of twenty thousand pair of hands, and the beating of as many pair of heels, at the very moment when the bull, mortally wounded, nearly suffocated with rage, is tottering, falling, bellowing out his last groans, stretching, struggling, making

making efforts to rise, sinking again, growing stiff, frothing at the mouth with anguish, panting with agony, bleeding and gasping upon the ground, where infant bull-slayers are contending for the honour of giving him the last pang.

And the soft sex, who tremble at the fall of a leaf, who faint at the smell of a nosegay, who shriek at the sight of a flash of lightening, fix their delicate eyes on a poor animal in tortures, bleeding, panting, and expiring at their feet; seem to count his wounds, his groans, and drops of blood, and to regret, when he dies, that his struggles and sufferings are over.

All the bulls that are used at these shows, are brought from the mountains and woods of *Andalusia*.

In

In order to decoy the animal from the forest, heifers are led thither; and, at the moment when the bulls, urged by love and desire, are springing upon the former, peasants, that are upon the watch, seize them by the horns, tie them, and lead them off.

Such are the fights so much talked of; fights that several Popes and Sovereigns have so often attempted in vain to abolish: but the populace, on every such occasion, assembled tumultuously, threatening destruction; and, in order to appease them, it has often been found necessary to sacrifice fifty or sixty bulls.

My little Bird.

I HAVE in my windows a most charming bird: the species is not known in France. This bird is of the size of a Lark;

Lark; but it weighs less; it weighs an ounce. His bill and breast are of a rich purple, his neck apple-green, his feet very black, and his eyes of a flame colour. His head is adorned with a tuft of feathers of various colours, rose, purple, and light-green. He sings delightfully. No bird can be more amorous, tender, and passionate, or a more early riser. Let it be light or dark, at three in the morning he is awake, approaches, and invites his mate: tender careffes, delicate motions, timid kisses, and fond billing, always precede the more private familiarities.

The taste of my bird is singular: he generally feeds upon biscuit and yelk of eggs; but he will leave every thing for butterflies, violets, oranges, and flies. He sleeps upon cotton. I never
saw

saw a bird so cleanly ; he washes himself night and morning : his cage must be cleaned, and even washed out every day. He is constant in his affections. He in a manner idolised his mate, who is lately dead. Since her death he has not sung, eat, or slept ; he stands motionless the whole day on his perch, where I am afraid he will soon die of love, grief, and want of rest.

But no—oh no !—he shall not die : I will give him his liberty, and the open air to range in. Let him look out for another nest, a new mistress, and a new family ; and my bird may still live, get young ones, and be happy.

Law and Justice.

A GREAT number of villains are suffered to live in *Spain*, that would be put to death elsewhere. If they are young,

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young, they are sent to work at *Oran** and *Porto Rico*;† if old, they are left to rot in prison.

If the atrocity of the crime should oblige the judges to pass sentence of death, the offender is only hanged. Criminals sometimes have their brains knocked out; but it is only for atrocious crimes; and this punishment, which shocks the imagination, and makes the hair stand on end, is the least painful kind of death.

The Executioner, armed with a club and a knife, strikes the criminal
on

* A city of *Africa*, on the coast of *Barbary*, in the kingdom of *Tremesen*, and belonging to the Spaniards.

† One of the *Antilles*, in *North America*: *Porto Rico*, which is the capital of the island, and gives its name to it, is surrounded by high mountains, on the top of which are mines, which those villains are made to work.

on the temple ; lays him dead, bleeds, tramples upon him, quarters him, and hangs the different parts on hooks; or throws them into a fire prepared for the purpose. At the sight of this butchering work, which lasts a few seconds, all the spectators turn pale; and shudder with horror : the children shriek ; the women swoon with terror ; yet the sufferings of the malefactor have been long over.*

Instead of inventing, daily, new punishments and tortures, or of sending beyond the Alps for more barbarous

* It was not in *Spain*, but at *Avignon*, that I saw a man put to death in this manner. The wretch who was knocked on the head, was led to the scaffold, and blindfolded whilst he received the stroke. Let us imitate this act of humanity, and improve upon it. As soon as a delinquent is condemned, let a sleepy draught be given him before he is put to death.

† A
gnan fo

rous executioners,* let all crimes hereafter be punished in the above manner.

As death, without the pain, is a punishment sufficiently severe in itself; and, moreover, when a felon is sentenced, he is no longer a villain, but a patient: it is shameful to prolong his agony; indecent to expose him to the necessity of covering with froth and spittle the crucifix which is presented to his lips, and he is exhorted to look to as an object of consolation.

Neither youth nor beauty can disarm judges. Mothers that destroy their children are hanged. The law of *Charles* the Fifth, which acquits the mother, if the child died in her arms, is not adhered to. A most charming girl

† An Executioner was brought from *Perpignan* for the execution of *Damiens*.

girl has just been hanged. The hand of the executioner trembled in performing its office.

The looks of this unfortunate creature, wandering through the crowd, seemed to search for, to call upon, and expect, the father of the infant. O thou! whose desires perhaps were kindled by lust, idleness, or opportunity, rather than love, behold here, tied up—see expiring, on this gibbet, her whom thou hast loaded with caresses, entwined in thy arms, and almost smothered with kisses! A hundred and a thousand times, perhaps, didst thou then vow that thou wouldst sacrifice thy life, and cheerfully die for her. Keep thy word, then; take the guilt upon thyself; die and be hanged—now is the time.

A girl

A girl who procures abortion, is buried alive, and stakes driven through her body.*

Why punish this crime with so much rigour? Abortion destroys nothing; it dissolves a lump of flesh, without feeling or life; it extirpates a polypus, a mere non-entity; it breaks an egg.—No, but in that egg an infant existed: the woman was then a mother, and merits severe punishment.

In a climate as hot as *Spain*, a climate calculated to excite amorous desires, *Charles* the Fifth ordered women guilty of adultery to be put to death. Such laws exist in a country where the libertinism of the men condemns their women to take up with the remains of debauchery, and an exhausted
con-

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stitution; in a country where a young lady, by the tyrannic orders of her family, is frequently forced into the arms of an old man,—obliged to embrace, and endeavour to warm and reanimate him,—to inhale his odious breath, and fasten her lips upon those of a monster, a satyr, a cadaverous husband, who happens to have money. O *Sophy*, *Sophy*, my dear *Sophy*!

Money! cursed money! thou producest, thou cherishest, all the afflictions of life, all the calamities and crimes of the world. To express all the misery of the universe, one word alone is sufficient, and that is—Money.

Procureffes are stripped, anointed with honey, whipped, branded, and feathered, and in this condition led by the executioner through different parts of the city.

A tiger

A tiger, if it had but common sense, would never sentence a blasphemer to have his tongue cut out. Blasphemies injure nobody: God, whom they insult, can take vengeance when he likes. At his nod, death overtakes, or lightening blasts, the offender.

Excepting the Prison for the Nobility, all the rest in *Madrid* are charnel-houses. No distinction is made between guilt and misfortune; they are confounded together in *Spain*. The incorrigible villain, the incipient knave, the debtor, and the poor creature who has killed a partridge, are frequently stretched upon the same wad of straw.

The carcan, or pillory, the brand,*
D whip-

* Notwithstanding what has been offered by the respectable Author of the year 2440, branding or burning, whether on the shoulder, forehead,

whipping, and the gallies, are the punishments for trivial crimes.

Offenders of all sorts, even King's officers, are sent to the gallies. Whilst they are employed in rowing or sailing, their time of slavery is going on. When they are discharged, they resume their rank. Every thing depends on the terms of compact. But to the disgrace of being sent to the gallies, of wearing the dress, cap, and apparatus of a galley-slave, how many would prefer death, and rather be thrown into the sea, and be food for fishes!

The Spanish courts of justice, so lenient with respect to some particular crimes, show no mercy to those who

head, ear, or any other part, should be abolished. It is unjust, that a man who may repent and reform, should wear, throughout life, the stigma of his crime.

who rob a church. At *Madrid*, and in every part of *Spain*, it would be safer to rob and murder on the highway, than to take from God, or the Virgin Mary, a pin, a bracelet, or a top-knot.

In *Spain*, where future generations are made answerable for the present, the King, through regard for the party, frequently changes the punishment of death into perpetual imprisonment.

O happy countries, where the crime of one affects no other person; where he who has reason to blush, blushes alone, and where the sovereign shows no mercy!

Mercy! and what mercy!—Ask those wretches, whose lives are spared, what value they set upon it, what pleasure
D 2 they

they find in breathing the air that passes through a loop-hole, in the light that shows them only rats and mice, gnawing their straw, and running to and fro in their dungeon. Ask them if they are afraid to die; and you will quickly hear what thanks they would give to the kind-hearted jailor, who would have humanity enough to mix a dose of arsenic, or corrosive sublimate, with their food.

Because a corpse is of no use, the general cry is, the language of writers continually declares, that the punishment of death should be abolished; that man should be mutilated, converted into a beast of burthen, and yoked in carts, &c. Ah! let us be more compassionate, more indulgent: prompted by sentiments of humanity, let us empty all our prisons
and

and jails; let us abolish the gallies, punish every crime with death, inflict the sentence as soon as passed, and inflict it without pain.

In an age when nothing is talked of but benevolence,—when premiums are instituted for the encouragement of benevolence,—when at every entertainment, in all circles and assemblies, and in every news-paper, the word Benevolence is continually echoed; why are not pensions offered, and employments procured, for all robbers that will forsake the woods, and dwell in cities and towns?

It is misery and want of employment that people the forests; it is distress that sharpens daggers, stilettos, and knives: it is distress. And of the thousands of wretches that are strangled

every year, from *Abo* to *Cape Finisterre*, three fourths fly to the gallows, rather than die of hunger.

Hermits.

SPAIN is overrun with hermits. These idle fellows ramble from town to town, subject to no rule or discipline, and make a solemn vow to live at the expence of the public.

These vagabonds are easily known by their long and dirty beards, coarse woollen habit, shaven crowns, enormous beards, and a Madona, of brass, wood, or plaster, which they offer to every traveller and passenger to kiss.

These hermits croud about inns: the youngest and most bashful remain in the yards, or wait upon the stairs: the rest enter the apartments.

Why

Why are not these fellows compelled to shave themselves, wear wigs, dress like other people, stay at home, and make stockings, shoes, or baskets, to avoid idleness?

There are other hermits who are not troublesome; they keep to their cloisters and cells, and pass their time in praying, meditating, weeping, making beads, and colouring of prints; and never speak or associate with others.

Coffee.

MADRID, I believe, is the place where the best coffee is to be had. It is a most delicious beverage, far superior to all the other liquors in the world. Wine intoxicates, malt liquor

D 4

stupifies,

stupifies, cyder is soporiferous, brandy and other spirits inflame, opium injures health and destroys life; but coffee, enlivens, elevates, and as it were electrifies. The man who has taken coffee, wants only a female companion, pen, ink, and paper.

Public Entertainments.

MADRID has two Playhouses: the doors are so few, and so very narrow, that you are an hour getting in, and another coming out. Excepting some pieces of *Calderono*, *Moreto*, and *Lopez*, with a few tragedies of *Racine*, translated into Spanish; they have nothing but farces represented. The play usually lasts three hours; in the course of which, *Lopez*, *Calderono*, and others, carry the players round the world: sometimes

sometimes the globe itself is too narrow a space; the actors and actresses then visit heaven and hell, bring back with them female saints, devils, and apostles, to sing, laugh, weep, fight, and conclude the piece.

In St. Amaro, a tragedy of *Solis*, which was played on Sunday last, the scene is successively shifted to *Switzerland*, *Cbina*, *Geneva*, *Peru*, and finally to Heaven and Hell, where angels carry off the King.

Their plays are enlivened by *Toradillas*, a sort of interludes laughable enough, but very immodest; in which, wanton kisses and embraces are frequently interchanged. The actresses are in general very pretty; the actors, black little men, of a most horrid aspect, especially when they laugh or

weep. There are seats in the pit; people converse as they do in the streets; and pockets are picked there.

The orchestra never keeps time, and the prompter cannot read.

Priests, Friars, and Nuns go to plays; and sometimes you may see, in the same box, cockades, cowls, a veil, a naked breast, nuns ruffs, plumes of feathers, round hats, those worn under the arm, and others dressed with flowers.

There is no preservation of manners, no characteristic dress whatever. The players often appear on the stage, as they do at home. *Tancred* is frequently in a waistcoat, *Orosmanes* in a riding-coat, *Zaira* in a night-cap, *Bajazet* in black, and *Titus* with a wig.

There

There are very few actresses: men fill up the parts of women; and the company is often obliged to wait an hour before the curtain is drawn up, because the Duenna, Queen, Chambermaid or Heroine has not yet done shaving.

The Spanish tragedies are barbarous: the catastrophe is generally shocking: actors and actresses all die, and die before the spectators.

The pit and boxes are inexorable, and nothing can be heard for their hissing. The guards in vain threaten and storm: sometimes they are tired with bawling, and join in the hisses.

Neither youth nor beauty can disarm party. I have seen a most lovely actress hissed; and, though she was taken ill, the hisses continued. Yesterday,
from

from the beginning to the conclusion, all the players were hissed, except one, who was however a very bad performer, but very old; he escaped the hiss, no doubt, through respect for his years.

Players are permitted to swear, and give evidence, in a court of justice. They may likewise go to a sermon, hear mass, and take the sacrament at Easter, if they like. Nothing distinguishes them from others during their life, and no mark of disgrace is set upon them when they are dead. God most assuredly is at liberty to exercise his judgements and decrees upon them; but, in the mean time, they are not, like us, so stupidly cruel as to refuse to ashes that feel and see nothing, masses, a hole, a stone, and a few drops of water.

O gene-

O generous Englishmen ! ye do still better. Whilst we were dragging the inanimate remains of the celebrated *Le Couvreur* to the common sewer, you were carrying Mrs. *Oldfield* to *Westminster*, to bury her with *Charles the Second* and *Marlborough*.

My Journey to TAVEYRA DE LA REINA.

THE axletree broke : I was overturned ; and within four inches of being tumbled down a precipice, where I should have long since rotted.

I travelled in company with *Donna Clara*, the fairest young lady of *Madrid*.

For twelve hours I had before my eyes the fairest and finest bosom of all *Castille*, or perhaps of all *Spain*.

At

At supper last night, the father of *Donna Clara* recommended his daughter to my care. What, to me! to my care! Recommend a young lady—place beauty under my protection! Well, she is quite safe. The confidence of a father disarms me; makes me insensible, blind, and dumb: beauty has no longer any temptation for me; or, at least, if it has, I smother it in my own breast.

Ye rigid censors, ye dragons of chastity and virtue, would ye do more in my place?

The CUSTOM-HOUSE, POST-OFFICE, and Convent of ESCALASSAS.

THE Custom-house is one of the finest structures in *Madrid*; it has been

been erected about fifteen years : it is built of hewn stone, has eighteen large windows in front, twelve gates, and is four stories high.

There is no franking of letters. The post-office is immensely large ; it is well constructed, and commodiously arranged. Some people said it was nearly finished before it was observed that the stair-case only had been forgot, and it was necessary to pull it down and rebuild it.

The Convent of *Escalessas* is a nunnery, which formerly served as a seraglio for the Kings, Princes, and Grandees of *Spain* ; and is still famous for the amorous intrigues of those Spouses of God, who are said to bring forth children frequently that are not his.

Of Provisions.

PROVISIONS are reasonable. Four persons may be conveniently fed for *six shillings and three halfpence per week.

Mutton, fresh or salt, boiled with carrots, onions, and peas, is the common food of the inhabitants. The poorest sort live upon potatoes.

Potato ! thou delicious, plenteous, salutary root !—root more precious, a thousand-fold, than all the gold of the new world, flourish for ever ! Multiply, increase, and sprout up, everywhere : be to every part of the world a sacred and visible token of the existence of a God, who is desirous

* Seven livres, in the original. A livre is ten pence halfpenny, English money.

firous that every one here below should have food and nourishment.

AUTO DA FE:

FOR a century past, *Auto da Fés* have not been frequent. Now, and then, only to amuse the populace, to keep the executioners in practice, or to obtain fair weather or rain from heaven, the Spaniards burn a few forcerers.

Two years ago a young and handsome woman was burned at *Seville*; but then she was clearly convicted of being the devil's sweetheart, and of having a full knowledge of all future events at her fingers ends.

Twenty days ago, a taylor, that was also a forcerer, was more lucky, he escaped for a whipping.

The

The Inquisition, by always making choice of the first day of the year for the execution of their decrees, seem to offer them to God by way of homage, and as a new-year's-gift.

It is in the Dominican church that the trial and sentence are read. At the conclusion of a sermon the criminal is dragged to the principal square, or market-place, to hear mass, receive the sacrament, and be burnt. For this purpose a scaffold and an altar are erected, and a funeral pile is prepared. The words *Ite, missa est*, serve as a signal for throwing the devoted wretch into the flames. The funeral pile, the altar, the populace, and the victim, are sprinkled with holy water; and the *Miserere* is sung. The executioner scatters the ashes; the holy office return home singing; and twenty thousand

and human beings have been spectators of this abominable ceremony.

Legends.

THE Spanish Legends abound with saints that are neither celebrated nor known in any other country.

If you will believe the greater part of the inhabitants of *Madrid*, they all have had saints belonging to their families; and I know twenty ladies, in that metropolis, who have the inestimable happiness to be either the mothers, sisters, or nieces of saints.

Benedict the Fourteenth was continually saying: "*Let not Rome be accused of opening the gates of heaven to the highest bidder.*" Nothing, however, upon earth, is more expensive

five

five than a canonization ; and all that money goes to *Rome*, and remains there for the benefit of the Pope or his friends.

A relation of Cardinal *Boromæus* used frequently to say to his children : “ Be
“ *men of integrity, and men of honour,*
“ *but never saints. It is,*” added he,
“ *the canonization of our cousin that has*
“ *ruined the family : by the rage of per-*
“ *forming miracles you are reduced to beg-*
“ *gary.*”

Ever since the Pagan executioners have left off peopling heaven, and idle vagabond kings no longer visit the holy land, in search of heaven, indulgences, images, and the plague ; canonizations are fortunately become less frequent.

A Monk

A Monk of St. *Jerom*, nevertheless, has been lately canonized at *Madrid*, for having remained thirty years in his cell, without being shaved or combed, and without smiling or speaking.

Such are the virtues which heaven rewards, and such the worthy beings that we are to keep holidays for, to pray to and invoke; for, ever since the kingdom of heaven has been known, I defy any person to name one saint who has been useful, or an amiable character; or one, in short, that I should choose for a friend.

Every time we find in the calendar the names of *Zeno*, *Leo*, *Gorgon*, and *Pantaleon*, we are ready to tear out the pages. Instead of these names, why is not that of *Rousseau* inserted?

Martyrs, Apostles, Virgins, and Confessors! ye saints of all times, of all ranks

ranks and ages, methinks I see you frown, and hear you exclaim: What! *Rousseau* our brother! *Rousseau* among us! A saint of the church of *Geneva*! A saint that never had a scapular round his neck, a pair of beads in his pocket, a print or image of a saint in his breviary! The *Pacomus's*, *Jeroms*, and *Williams*, it is true, fasted, prayed, were silent, and lashed their bodies: but what have they done, or what have they written, for the benefit of mankind?

Excepting the Bible and Imitation of *Jesus Christ*, let all the works of philosophy, religion, and morality be destroyed: let the writings of *Rousseau* alone be preserved; let them be studied continually; we shall thence learn to fear and reverence God, and love our fellow creatures.

To

To love, and to desire to be loved—
 an universal benevolence* which de-
 scends from archangels and angels
 unto men, birds, and the lowest rep-
 tiles and insects—is not this thy doc-
 trine, O my God! Is it not the text,
 comment, abridgement, and essence—
 the first and last word of thy gospel;
 the whole of thy gospel; such as it
 hath issued from thy mouth; such as
 thou hast delivered it; and the same
 that is to be found in every page of
Rousseau?

In all his writings, in every action of
 his life, in the midst of *Paris* as well
 as

* *This universal benevolence must not be con-
 founded with that common sensibility, those general
 connexions, and that philosophic peculiarity, which,
 in order to excuse the want of affection for a father,
 mother, and children, makes a parade of loving
 all mankind collectively.*

as at *Clarence*, in his garret, his study, or the arms of *Julia*, he ever appears the good, the kind, the humane and benevolent *Rousseau*.

Bounteous gift of the Holy Spirit! Pure and sacred virtue! Rich mine of joy and satisfaction—O holy humanity, I thank thee! Thou art my felicity. Yes, a thousand times happy—happy alone, and happy far beyond conception, is the man who detests and despises gold; who spits upon thousands, and is ever ready to give away his money, his clothes, and every thing he has; and who sets no other bounds, but inability, to the rapturous satisfaction of giving away.*

The

* *The sublime words of Anthony, after his defeat, have not been sufficiently noticed: "I HAVE, NOW, nothing left, but what I have given away."*

The FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

THIS house is not large enough to contain all the infants that are exposed. The streets of *Madrid* are full of children craving charity.

Of all the objects that condemn the heart of man, a naked infant, crying for relief, is the most reproachful.

Nature, more just than is generally supposed, has disinherited nobody; has condemned no one to live by begging. All creatures that are born, become, from the moment they have received breath, native proprietors of every thing necessary to their existence. It is a tacit convention between God, or Providence, and the laws. Through negligence, stupidity, or misconduct,

E

fathers

fathers and mothers may sell, alienate, or dissipate, their property; but a child, before it is born, has neither lost nor sold any thing; has practised no traffic, made no exchange or bargain. To live, and have no means of living, implies a contradiction. God declared, at the creation of the world: *I consent to unravel the chaos, to give fertility to it; to form and animate man, on the express condition, that, at his birth, he shall find in his cradle, a bill upon demand, with this signature—PROVIDENCE.*

Mothers that destroy their offspring, are hanged; women, married or single, that procure abortion, are whipped and imprisoned; and yet, every day, for want of clothing and milk, numbers of children, before they can see, perish in the garrets and cellars of *Madrid*.

Who

Who are to be tried—who should be whipped, or hanged, for these murders?

Ye Sages of the world! ye Philosophers of all nations, and Academicians of the universe! no more let your halls and schools resound with memorials on monades and atoms; on subtle, globulous, and fluted matter; on the sun's progress, or the form of the earth. What concern is it of ours, of yours, of mine, of that mother or child, whether the world has the shape of an orange, a rattle, or a drum?

Let your walls reverberate with the cries of a child newly born, that wants something to drink, and is dying for want of it: let your walls echo with the groans of a woman, more wretched than the lioness, who, as soon as she becomes a mother, has sufficient to feed and clothe her cub-lions.

Carriages.

IT is within these last ten years that they have begun to give an elegant form to the carriages of this country. The coaches are drawn by mules here. The grandees of Spain, and Castilian nobles, alone, are permitted to drive with four. Long traces (*tiros largos*) are also a mark of distinction. The coachman rides on a mule. Every coach, however, has a box or seat; but it has remained empty ever since the coachman of Duke Olivarez revealed a secret which he heard whilst he was driving his master.

Assignations.

IT is on the banks of the *Manzaranes*, at the *Prado*, or *Atocha Gate*, that the young

young men of *Madrid* assemble at night to meet their mistresses. In the day-time they meet in the churches; and it is frequently on the steps that they have been kissing, where the pressure of their lips still appears; that, quickly forgetting God, the Virgin Mary, and saints, twenty or thirty couple of lovers are mutually embracing at the foot of the altar.

To those who would raise love to a kind of religious worship; who pretend to penetrate into the sentiments of the Almighty, and maintain that there is no sight, no harmony, more worthy of him than the soft murmur of passionate sighs, the rapturous sound of kisses, and the ardent embraces of mutual love—to those, I say, what joy and delight would it be, to behold, in the churches of *Madrid*, a crowd of

lovers, led by instinct, and a kind of divine inspiration, coming to invoke, supplicate, and adore God; and, if I may venture to use the expression, to rival his greatness, felicity, and power!

Dogs.

THE Spanish Dogs are of superior beauty. Some of them are as large as wolves. They have, in general, less memory, scent and instinct than ours: they are not so fond, or so fawning: they have less attachment and docility; less constancy and fidelity. No Spanish dog ever died of grief on the tomb of his master. The fondness, however, of the Spaniards for these animals, is sometimes carried to a degree of madness and folly. I never shall forget the manner in which Don *Francisco P*—— received me on
my

my first visit. He had a little dog in each hand, and another on his knees; two greyhounds were fighting in the room; a spaniel was barking under the bed; and three beagles were scratching at the door for admission.

EL PENSADOR;

Or, One who reflects.

THIS is the title of a Political Journal published here. Those who are fond of high-flown unnatural thoughts, pompous verbosity, and idle speculations, are highly delighted with this journal, of which Mr. *Clavijo* is the compiler.

This work, like the *Mercury of France*, is published by order and under the inspection of the Minister.

There is likewise another paper printed at *Madrid*, under the title of *Addresses, Advertisements, and Different advices*. This news-paper is something of the literary kind: it contains calambours, charades, a register or list, and enigmas; of which the *Sieur Clavio* is likewise the author.

The public prints made frequent mention of this *Mr. Clavio*, during his disputes with *Mr. Beaumarchais*.

A gazette is also published weekly, which furnishes an exact account of foreign transactions; but, with regard to *Spain*, nothing is said, unless of military and ecclesiastical preferments, and of the local motions of the court.

The KING.

THE King is in a manner adored: that is, no doubt, the cause of his being

being in so good health. Nothing is so salutary as the being beloved.

Local Preachers—Passion Week.

MORNING and evening, every day, and in every square, you may hear the word of God at *Madrid*. A Friar takes possession of a corner, mounts upon a bench or a stone, preaches away, and draws tears from the populace and passengers.

The crowd is sometimes immense: so much the better for the pickpockets and girls of the town. The former empty your pockets; the latter make love-bargains; and the sermon concludes with robberies, intrigues, and a collection: whilst this is making, the preacher, in a tremendous voice,

E 5

thunders

thunders out anathemas and maledictions upon the impious heads of all those hardened sinners who contribute nothing.

It is impossible to guess whence these mountebanks have derived all the absurdity and nonsensical stuff they utter. The circumstantial detail they pretend to give, is incredible. If they preach on the passion, or birth of Christ, they talk with the same confidence as if they were present at those transactions; as if they had seen, heard, and perfectly remembered them all. They give you an exact description of *Herod* and *Pontius Pilate*; portraits of *Mary*, *Jochim*, the Nurse and Midwife. If you will take their word, they have conversed with the Magi, seen the Star, unfolded the swaddling-clothes, rocked and embraced the infant Jesus. To
hear

hear them talk of *Nazareth* and *Taber*, you would be led to think that the rocks were split, and the covering of the temple rent, before their eyes. If you would believe them, you might lay a wager that they are acquainted with every corner, every winding and turning, with every shrub and bush of Mounts *Libanus* and *Calvary*; that they have been walking or shooting there, and are but just returned from those places.

Besides those street-preachers, there is likewise the Passion-week at *Madrid*. The whole city is then hung with black; the play-houses are shut; the coffee-houses empty, and the churches crowded. At the corners of the principal streets, altars and chapels are erected, and coffins strewed round. In every quarter of the city, go out at what

hour you will, or look from your window, you are sure of seeing crosses dragged along, madonas and relics carried about in procession, men whipping themselves, and penitents in grey, black, or blue, clothed and dressed up in so whimsical a manner, that it looks as if they really designed to create laughter, or excite terror.

As long as the ceremony of the Passion continues, and the missionaries preach, the grandees, nobles, gentry, and citizens, and every body else, are praying, weeping, in sorrow and dejection. The women go out on foot, without feathers or any other ornaments of dress: veils, cloaks, and handkerchiefs cover their heads, faces, bosoms, and bodies, in so fantastic a manner, that you know not whether

they

they are men or women, or of the human species.

But the missionaries have scarcely concluded the ceremonies, when the play-houses are thrown open, the coffee-houses filled, the veils disappear, and the handkerchiefs, &c. are laid by.

But what beneficial effects can be expected from a sermon or exhortation, where men are the preachers? Men are not calculated for the office of preachers: it is on women that God has bestowed the power of affecting the heart, and the talent of persuasion.

But for the women, notwithstanding all the learning, all the light and eloquence of the Apostles, Paganism had never been abolished, nor the blood of martyrs shed. It was to please the women, at their knees, and in their arms,

arms, that the first of the faithful, the first Christians, inebriated with faith, love, religion, and delight, swore to believe in Christ, to supplicate, to worship, and die for him.

If women were henceforth to consecrate the body and blood of the Redeemer, to present unto God the offerings and sacrifices of his people; if it were their office to administer the sacraments; if the people were to remain a few moments with their lips fastened on female hands, whence they should then receive the host or sacrament;—morning and night, in all places, the churches and sanctuaries would be crowded; Infidels and Atheists would be no more, and all mankind would bend their knees with religious devotion.

The

The Hangman's Dress.

IN *Spain* all executioners wear a particular uniform. It should be so every where : a hangman should not be dressed as I am.

This Evening.

IT has been immensely hot this day. It is now seven o'clock : the sun's disk increases every second. In twenty minutes this luminary will be set. I am in the centre of an immense plain. All is beautiful, refreshing, and verdant, round me. No mountains or clouds interrupt the view. Nature, all beauteous nature, is naked to my sight : I see her all, view her, and feel her on all sides.

It

It is in a plain, in the evening, in the month of June, and in *Spain*, where Nature invites her favourites and lovers to a meeting: it is there she displays, unfolds, and lavishes all her treasures and charms, and captivates our affections.

Population.

THERE are an hundred thousand souls in *Madrid*. The lands round it are waste and uncultivated. *Spain* is not populous; and so much the better. The people are more comfortable. There are by far too many people in the world—I have thought so a long time; and I shall ever be of the same opinion, whilst I see hospitals and workhouses full, idle fellows lounging about, custom-house officers stopping
me

me at every gate, Monks and Friars in masquerade-dresses, and soldiers learning their manual exercise.

Pious Legacies.

EVERY body is buried here in a religious habit; men, in the habit of a Capuchin Friar; women, in that of the Grey Sisters, or of some other nuns.

Besides the habit, the deceased is loaded with cords of St. *Francis*, *Agnus Dei's*, and *Rosaries*; which are hung round his neck or arms; and moreover his sleeves, cowl, pockets, and cap are stuffed with them.

Chequered with various-coloured relics, a Spaniard does not die quietly, go out of the world in peace and content: he must leave some bequest:
and,

and, in fact, as soon as a wealthy Spaniard is taken dangerously ill, two or three squadrons of Friars quit their cells, and alternately mount guard by his bed-side. There his ears are repeatedly stunned with the sound of *Hell*, *Fire*, *Repentance*, and *Wrath*; and, in order to appease God, and drive off the Devil, the poor dying man lays out all his property in purchasing daily, weekly, and annual masses for his soul; and at length dies, stunned, exhausted, and overpowered with menaces, prayers, admonitions, and holy-water.

It often happens in *Spain*, that it is not the doctors who kill the sick. Many would escape death but for their holy guards and their noisy prayers. An hour or two of rest might recover them; but, for the benefit of their souls, they must not recover or sleep; they must
die,

die, like ideots or infants, up to their ears and eyes in cowl.

Monks and Friars, keep to your cloisters for the future; come no more to accelerate and sadden our last moments. It is you, yes it is you, who call up and invite death to us: it is you who treble, and increase to a hundred-fold the horrors and miseries of death. Yes, I say again, it is you who often kill us with the sole fear of death.*

O God! when it is thy pleasure to call me away, call me away quickly; spare

* I have heard a very young and pretty Lady frequently say, that, in a malignant fever, the Extreme Unction terrified her so much, that she expected nothing but death; and that she certainly should have died, but for her Brother, who every night recruited her spirits, by entertaining her with laughable stories.

spare me the agony; let me not linger; crush me, I conjure thee, crush me at once with thy thunder. Let me die without thinking of it; and, if it be possible, let me be dead ere I begin to be aware of death.

Debts.

FOR half a guinea a debtor in *Spain* is dragged to a dungeon: it is the Governor of the town who signs the order.

If such an order were dropped in a forest, and found by a tiger who could read, would he not exclaim, *Surely these men, who shudder at the bare mention of my name, are a thousand times more cruel and ferocious than I am!*

We read, in the *Voyages and Travels of Jonathan Carver to North America*,
that

that the Indians, who live at a remote distance from European Colonies, never were able to conceive what use we could make of our money. What would they say, if they knew that the public safety, the liberty, and sometimes the life of a man, are depending upon five shillings ?

The Library of MADRID.

IN this library, consisting of near 40,000 volumes, there is nothing remarkable, excepting a great number of manuscripts, found in the ruins of *Herculaneum*, and brought to *Spain* by the present Sovereign.

• These manuscripts are rolls of dirty parchment, worn full of holes, and written but on one side. It has taken a great deal of time to make out the meaning

meaning of some of them. The learned Spaniards are very tedious in communicating what they have read.

Count D'ARANDA, and some other Inhabitants of MADRID, that are Ministers or Generals.

COUNT d'Aranda is the only man, perhaps, of whom the Spanish monarchy may at present boast. He is the only Spaniard of our time, whom posterity may with justice celebrate. It is he who wanted to have engraved on the front of every temple, and united in the same escutcheon, the names of *Luther, Calvin, Mahomet, William Penn,* and *Jesus Christ*: it is he that would have published from the frontiers of *Navarre*, to the extremities of the streights of *Cadix*, that the names of
Torque-

Torquemada, Ferdinand, and Isabella, should hereafter be reputed blasphemous. It is he, in short, who wanted to make sale of the wardrobes of Saints, the property of all the Madonas, and convert them, with the crosses, candlesticks, chalices, &c. &c. &c. into bridges, inns, and high roads.

Don Antonio de Ulloa is a man worthy to be seen and known. I speak of him, through justice, gratitude, and respect.

The Count *D——* has the foible to show attention only to those he likes, and disregard the rest.

I know no Minister more popular than Count *F——*: the lowest peasant may speak to him, approach him, and whisper in his ear, what he could not speak openly.

I esteem, I revere General *G——*:
he

he is one of the best men existing. I have seen him in the street, upon meeting with a poor decrepit old man, take him by the arm, and lead him along.

The Duke of M—— enjoys the highest degree of reputation here. He may deserve it, for ought I know; but I opened my heart to him, and was sorry for it.

The Marquis of C—— is sordidly avaricious. He is near sixty, and never gave away a shilling since he was born.

Girls of the Town.

AS soon as it is dark, near fifteen hundred prostitutes take possession of the streets of *Madrid*.

Dark complexions, well-turned feet, jetty locks, large eyes, little delicate mouths,

mouths, with lips plump and rosy, attack and captivate you. You are ill, people say, when you go up, and when you come down.

I have been assured, that nothing can surpass the seduction of the *Spanish* courtisans. What a pity it is, that these women should be so dangerous, and often kill you by their endeavours to afford you pleasure !

The Canons, or Prebends, and the Angelus.

IF the happiness of life consisted in being idle and opulent, the Canons of *Madrid* would be the most fortunate men upon earth. It is true they are to be in the choir at four in the morning; but they take care to put back the clock every day, and it is full seven when it strikes four.]

Neither the descendants of *Moses*, nor the children of *Abraham*, ever marked their Sabbath by such total immobility, as that which stiffens the Spaniards the moment the *Angelus* is rung. The *Angelus* bell tolls in the morning at five, and in the evening at six. Then not a creature moves; an universal silence reigns: every body is at prayers, addressing the Virgin Mary.

Church-yards.

IN my walks round *Madrid*, I have seen some Church-yards that pleased me much, and one in particular.

This Church-yard is close to the church: it is upon an eminence railed round, and forms a perfect square: a rivulet runs through the middle; and the ground is covered with violets, jessamine,

jeffamine, roses, and other flowers that grow spontaneously. Apple-trees have been planted in it: thousands of sparrows are hopping about, building their nests, or courting on the branches: and the apples are excellent. The trees, rivulet, and shade, the beauty of the flowers, and the smell of the roses, all remind me of the gardens, the delicious bowers, and happy plains, where, according to the Ancients, virtuous souls laugh, divert themselves, and dance for ever.

If ever I settle in *Spain*, 'tis with the view of dying, and being buried there in a country church-yard, that I may be able to say in my last moments,
*"When my children shall go to weep upon
 my grave, they will find a shade, may
 gather roses, make nosegays, sit beside
 a stream, and eat apples."*

But no : I will remain in S—— ; I will die in S—— ; I will die at —— . Yes, my dearest K.—, I must be laid by your side.

Lunatic Hospital.

LOVE, jealousy, religion, and the violent heat of the Sun, people this hospital.

Spanish lunacy is inoffensive and quiet. Of near a hundred that are in the mad-house at *Madrid*, three only are outrageous ; the rest are suffered to walk about.

One of these mad-folks is afflicted with a singular species of insanity ; he is seized with horror at the bare mention of his own name. The first time he hears himself called, he grows pale, red, yellow ; and his face displays all the colours of the rainbow in rapid succession.

succession. If his name be repeated, he gnashes his teeth, foams at the mouth, looks wildly round, bites the bars of his cell, then flings himself on the ground, setting up a dreadful howl. His fit of madness gradually subsides; he weeps, seems confused and astonished at his situation and rage, lies down, and falls asleep. When he awakes, he has no remembrance of what has past; his madness is over, and he talks rationally.*

Nobody has yet thought of transcribing, and collecting, what words madmen, in their lucid moments of reflexion, may have scrawled upon the walls of their cells. New, happy, bold,

F 3

and

** These particulars were related to me by the Keeper; I had no inclination to torment the poor creature, by calling him by his name.*

and extraordinary ideas—strange and sublime notions may arise in brains differently organized from ours: a volume might be filled with what may be found written in dungeons. The tortured soul of a villain, when struck with a sense of conscious guilt, the terrors of divine vengeance, the gloomy horrors, dismal solitude, and dead silence of his dungeon, with the bitter stings of remorse, may quicken the sensitive faculty, illuminate the powers of imagination, and give birth to ideas that genius might avow.

Let this collection begin to-morrow. This proposal will perhaps appear whimsical; but no matter; let an attempt be made. It would be droll to see a treatise of philosophy, virtue, and morality, issue from dungeons and mad-houses.

Hôtels,

Hôtels, or Noblemen's Houses:

THE stair-case and hall, especially the latter, are the finest part of the house in *Spain*. The *salle*, or parlour, is furnished with images, looking-glasses, framed chairs, and others very low: the rest of the house is furnished with scraps of looking-glass, rags of tapistry, mouse-traps, and cob-webs.

However opulent a Spaniard may be, he never has but one bed; and that bed, moreover, is a titular bed, or bed for show, if the expression be allowable, in which no-body sleeps. The master of the house lies on a pallet; his Lady on the same, or another: the children sleep upon mats, the servants on the ground, in summer in the court-yard, and in the stable in winter: the female

E 4 domestics.

domestics have a room, with straw, or leaves.

The houses of the nobility in *Madrid* are immensely large. The apartments are so spacious and dull, that to enliven and fill them, it would be necessary to have balls and concerts from morning to night.

Modest Poor.

THEY reckon three thousand distressed people in *Madrid*, who are ashamed to beg; their number, names, and places of abode are known; and still they are in want and distress.

Every time the hour of dinner strikes, and we reflect how many thousands of our poor fellow creatures cannot dine for want of a morsel of bread; if we have any feeling, we must be affected,

fected, and have no appetite ourselves for the dinner before us.

If I were rich, I would have twenty or thirty poor people every day at my table, and maintain them as long as I lived.

Were I a king, and that any one died for want in one of my cities or towns, I would order a meeting of all the rich men of the place, and have them decimated.

The FANDANGO.

NEITHER the voluptuous pyrrhics, so much admired by the Romans; the pantomines mentioned by *Homer*, nor the dances of the *Salii*, celebrated so much by *Denis* of *Halicarnassus*, will ever be equal to the *Fandango*.

The anchoret the most mortified, and most devout, could not see the *fandango* danced, without desiring and sighing, without emotion, and cursing his hair-shirt, whip, beads, and sandals. But the *fandango* must be well danced: it must be danced by *Julia F*—; every motion of whose head, arms, feet, and whole body, when she dances, seems calculated to excite astonishment, admiration, emotion, and voluptuous desires.

The *fandango* is of great antiquity: all casuists are not agreed in the matter; but many assert that it was the *fandango* that *David* danced before the ark.

Be that as it may, this dance is very ancient: not only *Pliny* mentions it frequently in his letters; but *Callimachus*

cbus assures us, in his Hymn on *Delos*, that *Theseus* was passionately fond of it:

Spain is not the only country where the *fandango* is practised; it is much in vogue at *Smyrna*, in *Asia Minor*, and *Georgia*; but particularly at *Cachemir*, where the Ladies take great delight in dancing.

Learning.

MADRID abounds with studious men, regents, pedants, learned scholars, and indefatigable compilers, who are continually at work, investigating and explaining voluminous writings, making extracts from them, and staining white paper.

'Tis not but *Spain* sometimes produces men of genius; but the moment of their birth is considered as a public

F 6 calamity;

calamity; and their cradle is surrounded by such a swarm of venomous insects, that a genius, in coming into the world, is as it were a still-born child.

In this smiling, this fertile region, that's ever blessed with a sky resplendently bright, with the most balmy and salubrious air, every genius is a monster; he is not suffered to live, and grow up; he is stifled in his swaddling-clothes. Men of a middling rank of capacity only, who never are able to soar above mediocrity, are allowed to live their full time.

The golden age and silver age are past; and, notwithstanding all our brilliant discoveries, our age is that of mediocrity. The circle and bounds of mediocrity are immense; the whole present race of mankind are within them;

them; and they must confine themselves there, or else be considered as baneful and disastrous meteors, and be persecuted, imprisoned, and chained like wild beasts.

*The Garrison of MADRID, and
Spanish Troops.*

THE Garrison of *Madrid* has been doubled since the last insurrection,* and now consists of ten thousand men.

Dirty ragged clothes; unpowdered heads; the hair done up in a careless slovenly manner, without any uniformity in their side-locks or queues, deprive the Spanish regiments of all that beautiful

* *There was a violent sedition among the people, because they were told, that the King was in love with the Marchioness of Squilace.*

beautiful effect which regularity of appearance impresses on the spectator.

The Spanish soldier, nearly as insensible as his musket, is reputed to be very patient of heat and cold, fatigue and hunger : he has the character likewise of receiving the first shock with spirit and resolution ; but the moment he bleeds, or sees his comrade fall by his side, it is said his courage then sinks, that he quits the ranks, and abjectly recommends his soul to God. This was actually his behaviour at the battle of *Ramillies*, in the *Milaneze*, in *Holland* and *Parmesan*.

Every regiment has its own band of music ; yet it would be no easy matter to find in *Madrid*, either a drum to beat in true time, a trumpet sounded properly, or a hautboy played in tune.

The

The Spaniards have not as yet considered the influence of good or bad music on the fate of arms:* they have not computed the prodigious number of gallant fellows who have lost their lives through drummers and fifers having no ear. They are not sensible, that if the King of *Prussia* is indebted, for part of his success, to the rapidity of his marches, the capacity of his commanders,† and his judicious choice of

* If *Demetrius* had but good trumpeters in his army at the siege of *Argos*, the place had been taken, the enemy's troops defeated, their walls subverted, and their fortifications demolished.

To make head against *France*, the King of *Sardinia*, and the Republic of *Berne*, perhaps *Geneva* wanted only good musicians; *Geneva* perhaps. . . . But it was a storm in a glass of water: it is now a broken chamber-pot Let us say no more about it.

† Particularly to his Brother *Henry*.

of encampments, he however owes the victories of *Rosbach*, *Lignitz*, and *Torgau*, to his trumpets and clarinets ; to German music, that is truly warlike ; that penetrates and fills the soul with enthusiastic ardor, and fires it to an heroic disregard of personal safety.

“ It is all one to me,” said a Dragoon of Penthievre’s regiment a hundred times, “ whether I drop on the field of battle or not, provided I fall and expire by the sound of the drum.”

The Spanish soldiers rarely desert, because they are greatly attached to their religion, love their country, and their constitutions are formed to the climate ; and, moreover, they are sensible that no power would give them better pay, or even so good as they have at home.

Except

Except in the articles of cleanliness and neatness, the Prussian discipline has passed the *Pyrenees*. The place for exercising the troops in *Madrid* resounds with the strokes of the sabre and cane.

A few days ago a serjeant cried out to a soldier that did not keep a steady position: "If thou movest, I will cleave thee to the chin."—I was present.

Military punishments are the same here as in *France*.

A soldier who is absent at roll-calling, is sent to mount guard; it would be better, I think, to deprive him of that honour.

Promotions out of turn are very uncommon. Rank is given to seniority, experience, and wounds received in the

the King's service. There are no infant colonels in *Spain*.

A soldier found sleeping on duty is hanged. The person awake, who formed this law, did not, doubtless, know that sleep is the most imperious call of nature, and an act as little dependent on the will of man, as the pulsation of the heart, and the circulation of the blood; he forgot, that to punish a man for sleeping, was to punish him for breathing.

Sleeping does not pass with impunity in other places. During the severe frost of last year, a soldier fell asleep in his box: the officer of the rounds killed the poor creature to awake him.

People exclaim against the celibacy of the clergy; yet soldiers are not allowed

lowed to marry. Those who contribute to the glory of the State, are not suffered to add to its power. This class of men, who perish in such numbers by wars, toils, and hardships, that they must be replaced every twenty years, are debarred from leaving any children after them.

I cannot conceive the use of this regulation—Let some professional man give his opinion—to me it seems that a regiment ought not to change garrison—I think there should be no barracks; and every soldier be obliged to marry the daughter or the maid of the house where he happened to be billeted.

Let it not be imagined that the pleasures of love diminish strength, or enervate courage: be it no longer supposed

posed that there is no connexion between helmets and distaffs, petticoats and cockades, and musquets and ribbons. Let us no longer imagine that the din of arms, the cries of children, and nurses songs, would agree badly together. The three hundred Spartans who defended the pass of *Thermopylae*, had all wives and children. All the Greeks and Romans who fought at *Marathon* and *Pharsalia*, were either in love, betrothed, or married, or on the point of being so.

○ In former times, lovely women accompanied the troops. *Brantome* says, that in the train of the Duke of *Alva*, sent by *Philip* the Second against the rebels* in the *Netherlands*, there were four hundred women on horseback, and

* Known in history by the appellation of *Gueux*, (i. e. Beggars.)

and eight hundred on foot, all distinguished for their beauty.*

If these examples are not sufficient, open the Bible, and look into the book of Kings; you will see *David*, for love of the beautiful *Michal*, undertaking to cut . . . the ears of two hundred Philistines.†

Let us hear *Xenophon*.—He tells us, that it was a custom with the *Lacedæmonians* to have their armies followed by a body of young folks, who were called the amorous band.

In

* LA MOTTE MESSEME speaks much more fully of these women than *Brantome*. See LES HONNETES LOISIRS DE LA MOTTE, &c. at the end of Book I.

† Non habet Rex sponsalia necesse, nisi tantum centum præputia Philistinorum, ut fiat ultio de inimicis Regis.

In all countries, and in all ages, Love had his heroes, his victims, and martyrs. The Saracens, on going to charge an enemy, generally addressed their troops in this manner: "My friends, " my friends, see these charming girls! " behold their form, eyes, hair, and " bosoms! Let us fight, let us die, and " fly to the embraces of these beautiful " Houris: let us expire, revive, die, " to feast and live eternally in their " arms, on kisses, caresses, love, shelter,* and delight."

Barbers.

I HAVE just been shaved by an original: he talked, sung, and made a thousand horrid faces whilst he was performing

* A liquor composed of citron, sugar, and amber.

performing his office. Had he shaved me well, and expeditiously, that would be nothing; but the confounded dog kept me three quarters of an hour under his hands.

When *Martial* said, "My barber shaves me so slowly, that, whilst he is shaving one side, the other is almost fit to cut," he must have had a Spanish barber.

In some provinces of *Spain*, it is the women shave. It should be the same every where. The pliant, delicate, and plump hand of a female, is better calculated than ours to lather the chin, hold the razor, and shave close.

Under the first race of Kings, the business of shaving was done by women in *France*. On the wedding-day, the wife was bound to shave her husband,

band, by her marriage-articles. This custom was continued until the reign of *Childeric* the Third, and is still observed among the inhabitants of the eastern peninsula of *India*.

With the ancients, shaving was performed by the women; and this office had something venerable and religious annexed to it.

Whilst the constant and tender *Penelope* was exerting every effort to remove her suitors, and praying for the return of *Ulysses*, in her addresses to the Gods, she frequently said: “ *I promise you, that as soon as he returns, I will shave my husband.*”

Devotion.

WHATEVER enthusiasts the Spaniards may be; notwithstanding all their processions

cessions and benedictions, the inhabitants of *Madrid* have much less devotion than is generally supposed. Here, as well as every where else, devotion is the resource of old-age, and disappointed ambition, who offer unto God the leavings of the Devil.

In *Spain*, as in other places, devout men and women are cruel and inhuman.

Show me, said a naturalist, the teeth of any animal, and I will tell you whether it feeds on grass or flesh.

In every country one might say, like that naturalist, Tell me the degree of a man's devotion, and I shall be able to determine the measure of his iniquity.

During my last stay at *Geneva*, my apartments were close to those of a
 G Prince

Prince Palatine, who was continually praying, had many visions, and was frequently melted into tears, meditating on God's goodness in dying for him; and this man, who fasted and prayed so much, was often ready to faint with rage and vexation; and turned red, pale, and black, successively, in the Christian work of beating his domestics.

A Parrot.

CATHERINE of *Medicis* had a parrot that remembered every thing; could repeat, talk, and articulate, so like a human being, that people were sometimes deceived.*

A parrot

* *I know a lady at Paris, who has taught her Parrot to mix in conversation, laugh, sing, and sometimes even to join in concert with herself.*

A parrot I bought on Sunday last, talks, I think, still better : he remembers a multiplicity of things, an incredible number of stories and anecdotes ; which he repeats, articulately, without any hesitation. He speaks Spanish, but murders the French. He has learned some verses of *Racine*, can say grace, and relate the fable of the Crow and the Fox. He cost me eight guineas, is worth thirty, but I would not part with him for an hundred. I dare not set him at the window : when he is there, and it is open, and the weather fine, he never ceases talking : he repeats every thing he knows ; scolds every one that passes, except women ;* and talks politics. A mo-

G 2

ment

* *Parrots have always been reputed to be very fond of the ladies: I have seen and heard a parrot*
at

ment ago I was ready to split with laughter, upon hearing him talk of the bombarding *Algiers*. I tremble lest somebody should have overheard him—if so, I am certain the guards will quickly be here to carry him off.

Firmian Lactantius! thou who hast denied understanding to all other animals but man, come to my house, listen to my Parrot, and thou wilt be confounded.

Nurses.

IT is only among the common people and middling ranks, that women suckle their

at Nancy, who was always in a rage, cursed and swore, and erected his plumes at the sight of his Master; but, when his Mistress appeared, changed his tone, and solicited her careffes in soft, timid, and tremulous accents.

their own children. The rich Spaniards send theirs to the country.

A thousand voices have been raised against this practice : the outcry of the eloquent author of *Emilius* against it hath reached the farthest parts of the globe : but it must be allowed he has exaggerated matters ; for one mercenary nurse that has betrayed her duty, a thousand have discharged and still discharge it with fidelity and resolution.

The ancients were more just : they looked upon the employment of nurses as a sacred function. Nurses figured upon their theatres, had a distinguished seat allotted to them at public entertainments, and the place of precedence at their tables. Let us imitate the ancients, and honour this class of females,

males, who, for ages, have been amongst us the sweetest link that connects town and country together; a link that occasions part of the superfluities of the rich to circulate under the roof of the cottage, and produces a kind of secondary relationship between a peasant and her nurse-child.

Instead of exhorting mothers to suckle their offspring, let us rather beg of them to send them into the country. They will there suck wholesome milk, breathe pure air, pass the first part of their life in the cottage of the peasant, play with his children, feel that those are born his equals, and will be impressed with early notions of the sacred duties by which he is bound to compassionate, cherish, and relieve them.

Streets.

Streets.

ALL the streets of *Madrid* are spacious, well drawn, and regular. Almost every one of them is adorned on each side with a foot-path of large flat stones, on which neither horses nor carriages are allowed to pass.

The luxury as to coaches, and the passion for keeping them, allowing for the disparity of the places, is as common at *Madrid* as in *Paris*; but, thanks to the foot-paths, nobody is run over there.

The IN PACE.

THIS is no fable—the punishment exists in Spanish cloisters. The *In Pace* is a hole. Before the guilty per-

G 4 son

son is thrown into it, he is brought before a full chapter, placed on the criminal stool, and his sentence read: after he has heard it, he is led in procession with the cross, wax-tapers, holy water-pot, and incense-box. The *Libera* is sung, the criminal is sprinkled, and incense burned around him; and, after receiving a loaf, a pot of water, a pair of beads, and a wax-candle that has been blessed, he is let down into the *In Pace*, where rage and despair soon put a period to his existence.

The *In Pace* is a very ancient punishment—it was in use among the Persians. *Cambyfes* buried *Apolonides*,* the Physician, alive. The Greeks were acquainted with the *In Pace*.

Plato

* For having gained the affections of the Princess Amytis.

Plato speaks of it.* It was the punishment of the Vestals among the Romans. *Livy* in his first Decade, *Plutarch* in the Life of *Numa*, *Aulus Gellius* in his *Nights*, and *Philostates* in the History of *Apollonius*, have transmitted to us a very copious account of this detestable punishment.

Of Taxes.

NOTHING is more multiplied, more extravagant, and worse laid, than the taxes that are laid in *Spain*. Nothing is more troublesome to the sovereign, and more expensive to the people, than the manner in which they are collected. Endeavours have been long used to remedy these evils; but in vain. Numberless schemes have been produced,

G 5

* In his first Dialogue, called ENTYPHRON.

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G 5

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duced, but none have been put in execution—the people are wretchedly oppressed, and the King is always complaining of the want of money.

Sovereigns are not much unlike children—the one never have gold enough, the others play-things.

Spanish Snuff.

HERE every body wishes for French snuff: to procure it people are ready to hazard their lives. In *France*, Spanish snuff is all the cry. Such is the empire of opinion. One thing is certain, however; that the snuff of *France* is superior in every respect: however, bad as it may be, it is at least pure; and Spanish snuff owes its fine pulverisation and colour only to Rubrica,

an iron mine, or ferruginous ore, which contains a magnetic principle, whose analogy with the head is not as yet properly demonstrated.

Wool.

OF all the wool used in manufactures, that of *Spain* is undoubtedly the best: it is in fact finer, more silky, and unites better in fulling than any other wool in *Europe*.

But all the wool of this country is not equally fine. Several sorts are distinguished, which differ from each other as to quality, number of piles, and the names of those to whom it belongs. The first piles are those of *Segovia*, *Leons*, to the number of twenty-five, known by the names of the proprietors.

Of this number is the wool of *Infantado*, that of *Asturia*, of the three Convents of the *Escorial*, of Don *Bernard Mendez*, and Don *Joseph de Vittoria*. There are fold, annually, about 95000 arobs of this wool. An arob weighs twenty-five pounds.

These piles are designed for the finest woollen stuffs, &c. and are used in manufacturing our best cloths.

After the different Leons are the *Segovians*, which are somewhat less fine; they are distinguished by the names of the countries, jurisdictions, and even of the places where they are washed and scowered. The finest of these are called *Cavaliers*. There are various other sorts of piles of middling quality in *Spain*.

The kingdoms and provinces in which the finest sorts of wool are to be found,

found, are *Arragon*, the kingdom of *Valentia*, Upper and Lower *Andalusia*, *Castille*, and *Navarre*.

There is a very old prejudice still existing in *France*: the people imagine that it is the climate which occasions the fineness and whiteness so much admired in Spanish wool; as if the sheep transported from *Spain* had degenerated.*

The manner in which the Spaniards rear their flocks, and which *France* might easily imitate, is the sole cause of the perfection of their wool. Other
nations

* The Swedes have introduced into their country some of the breed of sheep remarkable for the finest wool; and their industry hath so far triumphed over those obstacles with which the climate of *Sweden* opposed the success of their undertaking, that they have no reason to envy *Spain* in that respect.

nations have successfully cultivated all arts and sciences, except the shepherd's art: the Spaniards, on the contrary, have neglected all but this; and we still find in *Spain* some traces of that pastoral life, which, in the early ages of the world, procured honours and happiness to those who devoted themselves to it.

The VIRGIN MARY.

AT all corners, in every house of *Madrid*, the image, print, and portrait of *Mary* are to be seen. The consumption of artificial leaves and flowers, made here for adorning the Virgin, is inconceivable: the number of hands continually employed in dressing her caps, flouncing her petticoats, painting

ing her ribbons, and embroidering her ruffles, is not to be imagined.

Every Spaniard considers the Virgin as a relation and mistress, ever ready to hear his complaints, and always attentive to his happiness. And, indeed, the name is continually in every body's mouth, and makes a part of every compliment and every wish.

Whether writing or speaking, the Virgin is always appealed to as their security and evidence. It is in the name of the Virgin that a woman or girl returns the affections of a lover, receives or answers a letter, sends a lock of her hair or her picture, or makes an appointment: the Virgin, in fine, comes in for a share in the first sigh, the first cries of a maiden, and the first *Corazon*.

Corazon!

Corazon! Corazon! is the exclamation of the Spanish ladies, whenever they yield to the embraces of their husbands.

The Spanish Language.

I MAY be mistaken, yet I believe, and would venture to assert, that the Spanish is superior to every other language.

Charles the Fifth used to say, that the Spanish is the language of the Gods. *Charles* the Fifth was right: it is the language of Heaven; it is the mother tongue of Angels, the favourite language of God. Its divine origin may be traced in its suavity, its beautiful images, and harmonious and expressive cadence.

Of

Of all the Spanish dialects, that of *Castille* is the most elliptic, figurative, and emphatic. Tropes and figures of every kind, images, exclamations, and oaths, give continual life and ardour to the conversation of a Castillian.

Some people pretend, that nothing is equal to the Italian in the mouth of a Tuscan, or Bolognese lady. Let any one of those but hear an agreeable Spanish lady speak, for whom they have conceived an affection, and who returns their love. Every word she utters will sink deep into his memory, and leave so sweet, so melodious an impression on his ear, that he shall fancy he still hears her, that she is still speaking, when she has done. O wondrous and powerful magic of the female voice! I have conversed with above an hundred men in *Madrid*; though

though they talked well, and I listened to them with attention, yet I could retain nothing. Every word they had said was effaced from my memory the next moment.

Personal Crimes.

A MAN, well brought up, wrote to me the day before yesterday, to this effect: "*Sir, have pity on me, and take me into your service. I must quit my country, and enter into servitude, because my Uncle, a merchant of Buenos Ayres, has lately been hanged.*"

A thousand times has it been said, has it been published in every language, and repeatedly observed to all Sovereigns, that *crimes should be personal*. All orders of mankind desire and wish it;

it; and nevertheless the contrary prejudice hath not as yet been extinguished.

If Justice is not to be satisfied with a single victim; if the punishment of one be not sufficiently striking to the multitude; if, from the top of the gibbet, whence opinion daily sacrifices us one after the other, we have not the courage to protest, and unite against the decrees of that opinion, let shame at least have a retroactive effect; let it, instead of descending to the subsequent generation, reascend to the antecedent, and, without disgracing the children, let those decrees stigmatise their ancestors. It is the blood of our fathers that flows in our veins: this blood is, as it were, an accomplice in our crimes; and posterity, that is not—is guiltless:

it

it is unjust to punish it, to perpetuate upon it unmerited infamy.

In what code of laws, in what page have we read, *that shame should be hereditary*? What people has acted like us?

Among those warlike nations, the *Romans*, the *Sarmatians*, and *Vandals*, all terminated with the criminal.

At *Rome*, those who were thrown from the *Tarpeian Rock*, all who were flung into the *Tiber*, all the accomplices in the conspiracy of *Catiline*, left no stigma on their relations.

And this prejudice, with regard to blood, would have been more excusable among the *Romans*, who were judges over their own families.

It might have been said to the *Romans*, to fathers and families, "You
" had

“ had an authority to punish your
 “ members : you might have pre-
 “ vented their crimes : you are pu-
 “ nished for not having done so.”

What ! disgrace children before they
 are born ! Let us cancel and destroy
 the shameful, the capricious compact
 we have entered into with opinion,
 and reinstate those unfortunate people
 in the esteem of the world.

The English, our neighbours, have
 no occasion to blush at this barbarous
 prejudice. In *England*, a man of the
 first rank may marry, without re-
 proach, the daughter or niece of *Ma-*
lagrida : in *England*, I might, without
 shame, avow myself the son or relation
 of *Perreau* or *Dodd* : in *England*, in
 fine, where faults and crimes are per-
 sonal, the same cart has often conveyed
 a Labourer,

a Labourer, a Mechanic, a Baronet, and Lord, to *Tyburn*; and the day after the execution, the liberality of the people, in their intercourse with the relations of those victims of public justice, would be shocked to let a word escape them that implied the most distant reflexion on any of the friends of the late sufferers.

*Hanging is not looked upon as disgraceful in *London*: the *English* sometimes invite their friends to their execution.

I have been told that an officer of militia was condemned to die, some time since, for forgery; and that, on the day previous to the execution, he wrote as follows, to his relations:

“ To

* The Author is here, I fancy, mistaken; hanging is disgraceful, because it is the consequence of a capital offence against the laws.

*"To morrow, the fourth of the month,
"I am to be hanged; come and see me die."*

This card of invitation appears extraordinary: but why extraordinary? In every country of the world might it not be said to the relations of a criminal, *"Why are you ashamed to see your son
"or your cousin hanged?"* What answer could they make, if they were thus addressed? *"Rejoice, on the contrary,
"that your relation has now made him-
"self useful; his death is an example, a
"lesson, to his country; but for that,
"he never, perhaps, had been of any use;
"he had come into the world to no pur-
"pose: his sufferings are an excuse for
"his life, and his death has made him
"worthy of life."*

Money

Money and Coin.

BANKERS gain greatly by the Exchange. The trade in piastres is immense. The Jews settled at *Bayonne* follow no other business.

A foreigner finds it very difficult to understand the different money of *Spain*: there is no place where it is so multifarious.

One currency throughout the world would be a great conveniency to many, and prevent a number of fraudulent tricks. The sun, which animates, enlightens, all things, and that is the most conspicuous and distinguished object of the universe, should be, I think, the universal impression on coin.

The

The Spaniards always reckon by marávedis: 63 of them make a silver real, 504 a piastre, and 2016 a pistole. The small value of the maravedi perplexes calculation.

This money is very ancient: it was in use in the time of the Goths: it was then equal to the third of a real, and, consequently, twelve times its present value.

A speaking Head.

A HEAD is shown here, that articulates to perfection. Not a syllable is lost; no vibration, jingle, or prolongation of sound prevents you from distinguishing the words: this head, in short, speaks and pronounces as well as we do. It has often been said, and it is still repeated, that man is an astonish-

ing being: he is sometimes the rival of nature, and often her superior, in some performances. The human species alone received the gift of speech; all, excepting man, in this world, was to be deprived of the faculty of speaking.

Now wood, marble, and brass speak:
In a little time my dog shall talk.

Bread.

THE Spanish flour, though admirably white, makes, in general, a bread that easily crumbles; does not knit well together; grows dry; and, after being made two days, is good for nothing.

The flour of *Andalusia*, and of the kingdom of *Valencia*, is esteemed more substantial

substantial and nourishing than that of other parts of *Spain*: and, indeed, at *Seville*, *Cadiz* and *St. Lucar de Barameda*, there is delicious bread. Let it be ever so dry or hard, it is well tasted, and digests well.

The Caliph *Aaron Raschid*,* so famous for his passion for the arts and his love of fine bread, had *Seville* flour purchased for his table.

At *Horiuela*, a town in *Spain*, in the kingdom of *Valencia*, I ate the best bread. It is not bread; it is rather a

H 2 delicate

* Inventor of the game of Chess; the contemporary and intimate friend of *Charlemagne*. He was a very devout Prince, an epicure, and little addicted to love or gallantry. The Empress *Irene*, the handsomest woman in those days, in vain solicited assistance from him in troops and money. The insensible *Aaron* would grant neither; and the beautiful *Irene* was obliged to pawn her crown and jewels.

delicate cake; one would be tempted to swear, that cream, eggs, and orange-water had been mixed with it.

The flour of *Hungary* has been much praised. The Archduke *Joseph*, who preferred it to every other sort, had not certainly tasted that of *Horiuela*, which is much whiter and better than the bread of *Gonesse*.

David Hume, who has left a very learned dissertation on the qualities of flour, forgot to mention the flour of *Valencia*.

I am surprised that the Academicians of *Madrid*, who are continually attentive to useful objects, have not as yet thought of offering a premium for the best treatise on the following subjects: First, Which is the best flour for supplying armies? Secondly,
What

What flour is most proper to be sent to the colonies? Thirdly, Of what wood should the casks be made to contain it?

The French have found by experience that the flour of *Normandy* and *Guienne* is fittest for exportation, and derive considerable advantage by shipping it for their colonies.

By what I have learned from people of intelligence, I am apt to conclude, that the flour of *Valencia* is least liable to injury from exportation.

The CARTHUSIANS *near*
MADRID.

THE Convent stands alone, in the midst of a plain: the house is entirely new, constructed in a solid manner, of
H 3 bricks,

bricks, and surrounded with sycamore-trees.*

The life of these Monks is very austere: they never eat flesh, or drink wine: they frequently scourge themselves, and spend most of the day and night in prayer, meditation and labour.

When a stranger visits the Convent, he is shown the church, the cells, the belfry and tombs. The slow and sepulchral voices of these Carthusians, their pale and emaciated bodies, and every other object in the convent, conspire to keep the mind fixed upon God, Eternity, Death and Hell. This night I have seen, I have dreamed of nothing but death: my room has been

* *A Sycamore is an ever-green, of a very dreary appearance; it fills the eyes with moisture, and brings on heaviness and drowsiness.*

been crowded with relations, friends, and companions I have seen expire, or whom I know to be no more. My mother sat down by my bed-side; we talked together; I recollected, and still recollect, the day and the moment of her death. The clock was striking four; it was in the month of November; the weather was cloudy and cold; I was playing with my sister; it was on a Sunday; every body was in tears; my mother expired; I kissed her, and called to her, thinking she only slept.

Certificates of Confession.

FOOTMEN, servant-maids, and prostitutes provide themselves with a good stock of these certificates: the one supply their masters with them, the others their lovers.

In Easter week the Rectors visit their parishioners to collect the certificates of confession. This practice, odd as it may appear, never occasions at *Madrid* those scandalous scenes which have disgraced *Paris* and all *France*.

Notwithstanding what *Calmenar*, *Silhouette*, Father *Lucas*, and other idle story-tellers, assert, it is at the option of people here, whether they will confess, and take the sacrament or not; and I am acquainted with twenty persons in *Madrid*, who have lived several years in that city, without knowing whether the Rector of their parish was tall or short, black or fair, or whether he wore his own hair or a wig.

Menagerie

Menagerie, and Pheasants.

THIS morning I visited the Menage, where I saw two lions, a tiger, an elephant, two camels, an elk, a taurec, and several monkeys and apes.

The collection of birds is still more complete. There are humming-birds, beautiful turtle-doves, sparrows, birds perfectly white*, which, except in colour, are similar in all other respects to black-birds, and a variety of other beautiful exotics.

The

* *This species of birds, which people propose as a reward for the execution of things impracticable, is not imaginary. It is indeed scarce; nevertheless it is not only to be met with in Spain, but also in Africa, Bambuc, and Galaon: it is likewise to be seen in Arcadia, the country of Sylenus; and even in Savoy and Auvergne. There is no difference between those that are black, and those which are white, but in the colour of the plumage. The*

The two lions are brothers, but have no resemblance; one is fat, the other lean: the former is lively and frisky, plays with his master, and seems fond of society; the latter, on the contrary, is dull and gloomy, and always stretched on the ground, though neither asleep nor sick, lashes his sides, shows his teeth, and roars when any body looks at him.

The elk seems to regret his country, his woods and mountains, but particularly the cold of his native air, in which he delights: he languishes, and pines away in *Spain*; the heat and fine weather do not agree with him.

The taurec has some resemblance to a hedge-hog; he sleeps half the year: while

size, shape, bill, feet, and legs, and their manner of living, singing, building their nests, breeding, and rearing their young, are perfectly alike.

while he is asleep his hair falls off, and grows again when he awakes.

The Menage is in the midst of a wood, much neglected: there is nothing but trees without foliage, branches or bark; stunted, broken, some falling, others down, and rotting upon heaps of trees already decayed and rotten.

Particular Libraries.

SOME time ago, there was printed at *Berlin*, in one volume twelve, useful hints for forming a library, of few, but well-chosen books. The Spaniards are fond of books, and should buy that work. They would thence learn what books they ought to purchase.

I have examined the libraries of some individuals; I have seen a large collection of books elegantly bound, a hundred

hundred thousand volumes, that I would not purchase by weight at the rate of waste paper.

It was at *Don Francisco Henriquez P——*'s only that I met with some valuable works of *Paschal*, *Montesquieu*, *Corneille*, *La Bruyere*, *Curtaud*, *J. J. Rousseau*, *Voltaire*, and *Boulanger*.

It is not that I am a partisan or admirer of *Montesquieu*, *Paschal*, *Voltaire*, &c. No indeed; God forbid!

Montesquieu had not courage to avow his thoughts openly; he was a pusillanimous writer; he was a child saying his lesson; he repeated it badly, stammered, skipped over one half, because he was awed by his master.

Corneille unfortunately I do not understand; and every time I hear people exclaim, The great *Corneille*! the Divine *Corneille*!

Corneille! I fancy their reason is bewildered and lost, or they wish to bewilder mine.

Paschal was a madman, an enthusiastic lover of God, whose passion disordered his brain. The only rational, the only true sentimental words he ever uttered, were, that the remembrance of a woman we have loved, and still love, whose heart we have lost, curdles the blood, sinks the spirits, convulses every nerve, and disorders the whole frame.*

Voltaire never wrote from what he felt; his heart never dictated a phrase, and posterity will never read the works of *Voltaire*. One thing is very astonishing,

**Pliny* says, three disorders justify suicide; the gout, the stone, and tooth-ach. He never mentioned the disorder of loving when we are not loved; he should have mentioned it.

ing, that *Voltaire* believed all he denied, dreaded God as he would the fire, trembled at the thoughts of damnation, and designedly played the part of an Atheist.

La Bruyere is confessedly allowed to be the first writer of the age; and yet this writer is confined, dry, and cold. One might lay a wager, with almost a certainty of winning, that *La Bruyere* neither liked women, music, birds, children, the smell of new hay, nor the sound of any musical instrument at night.

After *Job*, *Moses*, *Lucretius*, *Klopstock*, and *Richardson*—*Curtaud*, whom nobody quotes, nobody knows, or mentions, *Curtaud*, yes, *Curtaud*, I say, is the greatest writer that ever appeared.

It is nearly fifty years since *Curtaud* wrote

wrote his reflexions on taste. He had already conceived the great beauties of style and composition; his writings are so many pieces of painting and music; his expressions are full of energy and fire: *Curtaud* is a model for fine writing.

Boulanger was the first that dared to use the scalper on the great animal. He first ventured to open the earth, to investigate it, and force Nature to reveal secrets which she seemed to have sworn to conceal from every eye.

J. J. Rousseau was an astonishing man, who lived in an age unworthy of him.

Rousseau! dearly-revered *Rousseau*! had I no money to buy bread, or give away, I would sell all my books, excepting thy works.

Don Pedro D—— had a very voluminous

minous library which he disposed of a few days ago.

He will read no more, he says: he will do right. Happy are they who never have read! Reading is a slow poison destructive to genius; it mounts into the head, leaves behind a kind of sediment in the brain, and fetters sentiment and reflexion.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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